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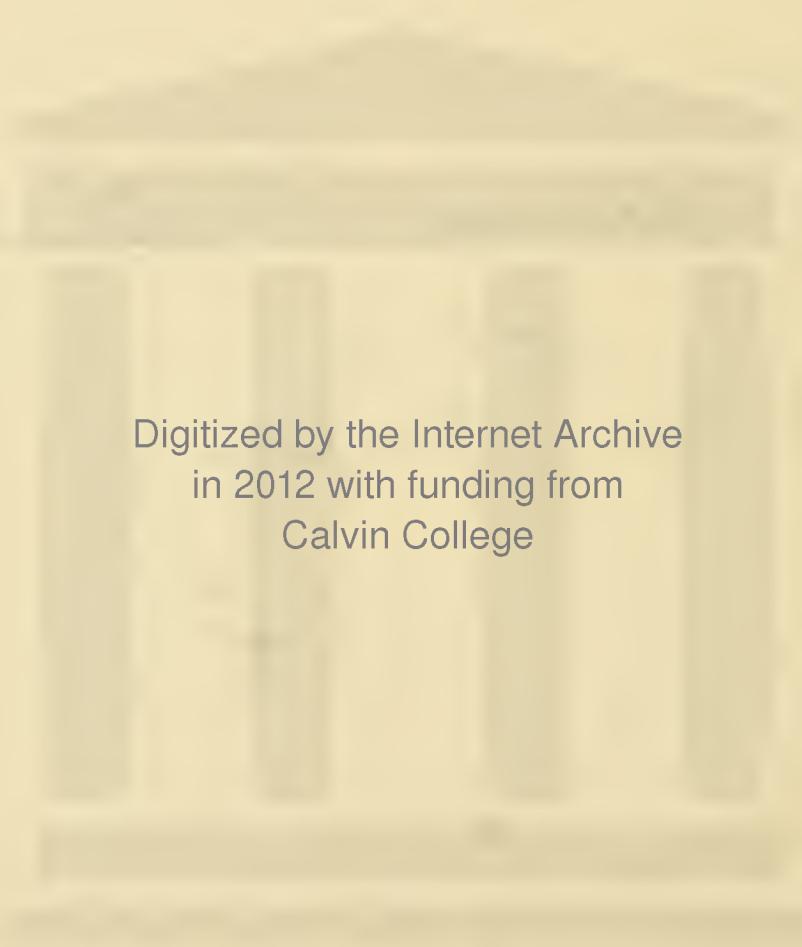
PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY





~~Mr.~~ - toward a "friend" -  
and -

~~Mr.~~ Tuesday.



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# ORIGINAL TUNES

BY

J. W. ALFRED CLUETT.

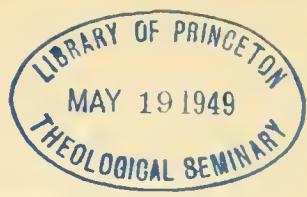


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THE RIGHTEOUS LIVE FOR EVERMORE; THEIR REWARD ALSO IS WITH  
THE LORD, AND THE CARE OF THEM IS WITH THE MOST HIGH.

# HYMNS

WITH ORIGINAL TUNES

BY

J. W. ALFRED CLUETT

*PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION*

NEW YORK

EDWIN S. GORHAM, PUBLISHER

1904

Copyright, 1904  
By Edwin S. Gorham.

Stanhope Press  
P. H. GILSON COMPANY  
BOSTON, U.S.A.

## In Memoriam.

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J. W. Alfred Cluett, of Troy, N.Y., was born at Wolverhampton, England, on June the tenth, eighteen hundred and thirty-four, and passed away from this life on June the second, eighteen hundred and ninety-nine.



## P R E F A C E.

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THE hymn tunes contained in this book have been collected, and arranged in the present form, by Louise Cluett Cowee, from the original manuscript compositions of J. W. Alfred Cluett, and are now published by his wife and daughters in affectionate remembrance of him and in recognition of his love for, and interest in, church music, ancient and modern. Among these tunes are several which have been previously published in the Rev. Dr. J. Ireland Tucker's Hymnal, in the Rev. Dr. George W. Shinn's Prayer Book and Hymnal, and in sheet music form. Grateful acknowledgment is here made to the publishers of those Hymnals; to Messrs. Cluett and Sons, and H. S. Gordon, for their courtesy in giving permission to use such tunes.

ELIZABETH BONTECOU CLUETT.

JESSIE CLUETT BARTON.

LOUISE CLUETT COWEE.

ALL SAINTS, 1904



# HYMNS.

## The Lord Be with Us.

J. W. A. CLUETT.



1. The Lord be with us as we bend, His blessing to receive;



His gift of peace upon us send, Be-fore His courts we leave. A-MEN.



2 The Lord be with us as we walk  
Along our homeward road;  
In silent thought, or friendly talk  
Our hearts be still with God.

3 The Lord be with us till the night  
Shall close the day of rest ;  
Be He of every heart the light,  
Of every home the Guest.

4 And when our nightly prayers we say,  
His watch He still shall keep,  
Grown with His grace His own blest day  
And guard His people's sleep.

## Abide with Me.

10. 10. 10. 10.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (F major), and a 2/4 time signature. The middle staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one flat (F major), and a 2/4 time signature. The bottom staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one flat (F major), and a 2/4 time signature. The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the staves.

I. A - bide with me; fast falls the e - ven-tide; The  
darkness deepens; Lord, with me a-bide; When oth - er help-ers fail, and  
comforts flee, Help of the help-less, O a - bide with me. A-MEN.

- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.
- 3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who like Thyselv my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

## **Abide with Me.**

- 4 I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless ;  
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness ;  
 Where is death's sting ? Where, grave, thy victory ?  
 I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
- 5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes ;  
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies ;  
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee ;  
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me. AMEN.

## **Come, Holy Ghost, Creator, Come.**

J. W. A. CLUETT.

1. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, Cre - a - tor, come, In-spire these souls of Thine,  
 Till ev'ry heart which Thou hast made Be filled with grace di-vine. A-MEN.

- 2 Thou art the Comforter, the gift      4 Enlighten our dark souls, till they  
 Of God, and fire of love ;      Thy sacred love embrace ;  
 The everlasting spring of joy,      Assist our minds, by nature frail,  
 And unction from above.      With Thy celestial grace.
- 3 Thy gifts are manifold, Thou writ'st      5 Drive far from us the mortal foe,  
 God's law in each true heart ;      And give us peace within ;  
 The promise of the Father, Thou      That, by Thy guidance blest, we may  
 Dost heavenly speech impart.      Escape the snares of sin.
- 6 Teach us the Father to confess,  
 And Son, from death revived,  
 And Thee, with both, O Holy Ghost,  
 Who art from both derived. AMEN.

# Walter.

S. M.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, . . . It is not  
night if Thou . be near ; Oh, may no earth - born cloud a -  
rise . . . To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes. A - MEN.

- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
My weary eyelids gently steep,  
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest  
Forever on my Saviour's breast.
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without Thee I cannot live ;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without Thee I dare not die.
- 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine  
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
- Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;  
Let him no more lie down in sin.  
5 Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor  
With blessings from Thy boundless  
store ;  
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,  
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.  
6 Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take,  
Till in the ocean of Thy love  
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

# Ida Hill.

7s.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my  
 sight a - way; Free from care, from la - bor free,  
 Lord, I would com - mune with Thee. A - MEN.

12 Thou whose all-pervading eye,  
 Naught escapes, without, within,  
 Pardon each infirmity,  
 Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known  
 All of man's infirmity;  
 Then, from Thine eternal throne,  
 Jesus, look with pitying eye.

4 Soon, for me, the light of day  
 Shall for ever pass away;  
 Then, from sin and sorrow free,  
 Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

## Tyndale.

8. 7.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell-ing, Joy of heav'n,to  
earth come down! Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell-ing,  
All Thy faith - ful mer - cies .. crown. A - MEN.

- 2 Jesus, Thou art all compassion,  
Pure, unbounded love Thou art ;  
Visit us with Thy salvation,  
Enter every trembling heart.
- 3 Come, almighty to deliver,  
Let us all Thy life receive ;  
Come to us, dear Lord, and never,  
Never more Thy temples leave.
- 4 Thee we would be alway blessing;  
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above ;
- Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing ;  
Glory in Thy perfect love.
- 5 Finish then Thy new creation,  
Pure and spotless let us be :  
Let us see our whole salvation,  
Perfectly secured in Thee :
- 6 Changed from glory into glory,  
Till in heaven we take our place:  
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

## For the Apostles' Glorious Company.

J. W. A. CLUETT.



1. For the A - pos - tles' glo - rious com - pa - ny, Who, bear-ing



forth the crosso'er land and sea, . . . Shook all the might - y



world, we sing to Thee, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A - MEN.



2 For the Evangelists, by whose blest word,  
Like four-fold streams, the garden of the Lord  
Is fair and fruitful, be Thy Name adored.  
Alleluia! Alleluia!

3 For Martyrs, who, with rapture-kindled eye,  
Saw the bright crown descending from the sky,  
And died to grasp it, Thee we glorify.  
Alleluia! Alleluia! AMEN.

# Saviour, Again to Thy Dear Name We Raise.

IOS.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time, treble clef, and C major. The first staff begins with a half note followed by eighth notes. The second staff begins with a quarter note followed by eighth notes. The third staff begins with a half note followed by eighth notes. The fourth staff begins with a half note followed by eighth notes. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below each staff. The lyrics are:

1. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac -  
cord our part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee  
ere our wor-ship cease; Then, low - ly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.  
Grant us Thy peace thro' this approach-ing night, Turn Thou for

## Saviour, Again to Thy Dear Name We Raise.



us its dark-ness in - to light; . . . From harm and dan - ger



keep Thy children free, For dark and light are both alike to Thee. A - MEN.



- 2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;  
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;  
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,  
That in this house have called upon Thy name.  
Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,  
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;  
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,  
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

# Lord, with Glowing Heart I'd Praise Thee.

8. 7.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time, key signature of one sharp (F#), and treble clef. The vocal line is in soprano range. The piano accompaniment is in basso continuo range, providing harmonic support. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, with each line of text corresponding to a staff. The music features eighth-note patterns and some sixteenth-note figures.

1. Lord, with glow-ing heart I'd praise Thee For the  
bliss Thy love be - stows, For the par - d'ning  
grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows.  
Help, O God, my weak en - deav - or; This dull

## Lord, with Glowing Heart I'd Praise Thee.

The musical score consists of two staves of music in common time, G major. The top staff features a soprano vocal line with a melodic line consisting of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment with harmonic chords. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first section of lyrics is: "soul to rap - ture raise: . . . Thou must light the". The second section continues: "flame, or nev - er Can my love be warmed to praise. A-MEN." The music concludes with a final piano chord.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,  
Wretched wanderer, far astray ;  
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee  
From the paths of death away ;  
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,  
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,  
And, the light of hope revealing,  
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling  
Vainly would my lips express :  
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,  
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless :  
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,  
Love's pure flame within me raise ;  
And, since words can never measure,  
Let my life show forth Thy praise.

## Azure.

P. M.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee. E'en tho' it  
be a cross, That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my  
God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee. A-MEN.

2 Though like a wanderer,  
Weary and lone,  
Darkness comes over me,  
My rest a stone;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

3 There let my way appear  
Steps unto heaven ;  
All that Thou sendest me  
In mercy given ;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts  
Bright with Thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Altars I'll raise ;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly,  
Still all my song shall be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

## St. Andrew.

8. 7.

J. W. A. CLUETT.



1. Je - sus calls us ; o'er the tu-mult Of our life's wild, restless sea,



Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Saying, "Christian, follow Me :" AMEN.



2 As of old, Saint Andrew heard it  
By the Galilean lake,  
Turned from home, and toil, and kin-  
dred,  
Leaving all for His dear sake.

3 Jesus calls us from the worship  
Of the vain world's golden store ;  
From each idol that would keep us,  
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

4 In our joys and in our sorrows,  
Days of toil and hours of ease,  
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,  
" That we love Him more than  
these.'

5 Jesus calls us : by Thy mercies,  
Saviour, make us hear Thy call,  
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,  
Serve and love Thee best of all.

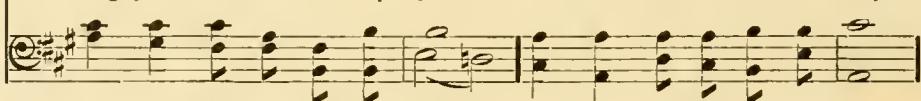
# Children of the Heavenly King.

7s.

J. W. A. CLUETT.



QUARTET.



We are trav -'ling home to God, In the way the fa - thers trod:



They are hap-py now, and we Soon their happi-ness shall see. A-MEN.



## Children of the Heavenly King.

2 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light !  
Sion's city is in sight :  
There our endless home shall be,  
There our Lord we soon shall see.  
Lord, obediently we go,  
Gladly leaving all below ;  
Only Thou our Leader be,  
And we still will follow Thee.

## Wentworth.

7s.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

1. Sing, my soul, His won-drous love, Who, from yon bright throne a - bove,  
Ev - er watchful o'er our race, Still to man ex - tends His grace. AMEN.

- 2 Heaven and earth by Him were made; 3 God, the merciful and good,  
All is by His sceptre swayed; Bought us with the Saviour's blood;  
What are we that He should show And, to make our safety sure,  
So much love to us below? Guides us by His Spirit pure.

- 4 Sing, my soul, adore His Name !  
Let His glory be thy theme :  
Praise Him till He calls thee home ;  
Trust His love for all to come.

# Kimball.

J. W. A. CLUETT.



1. Like trumpet notes of joy, Let songs of praise arise, Glad hearts and tongues em-



ploy, To wake the sounding skies. For Christ makes children heirs of heav'n, E-



ter - nal life to us is giv'n, E-ter-nal life to us is giv'n. A-MEN.



- 2 O for a gladsome voice  
To sing His grace and truth,  
Our hearts and souls rejoice,  
For He has blessed our youth.  
His blood has washed our sins away,  
His love turns midnight into day.

- 3 Let golden glory fade,  
Let earthly store decay;  
Love has our ransom paid,  
And Christ is ours alway.  
Oh, let us live for Him alone,  
He never can forsake His own.

# Hear Our Prayer, O Heavenly Father.

8. 7.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff is in G major, the middle in E major, and the bottom in C major. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first section of lyrics is:

I. Hear our prayer, O . . Heav'n - ly Fa - ther, Ere we  
lay us down to sleep; . . Bid Thine an - gels, pure and  
ho - ly, Roundour bed their vi - gils keep. A - MEN.

- 2 Heavy though our sins, Thy mercy 4 None can measure out Thy patience  
Far outweighs them every one; By the span of human thought;  
Down before the cross we cast them, None can bound the tender mercies  
Trusting in Thy help alone. Which Thy holy Son has bought.
- 3 Keep us through this night of peril 5 Pardon all our past transgressions,  
Safe beneath its sheltering shade; Give us strength for days to come;  
Take us to Thy rest, we pray Thee, Guide and guard us with Thy blessing,  
When our pilgrimage is made. Till thine angels bear us home.

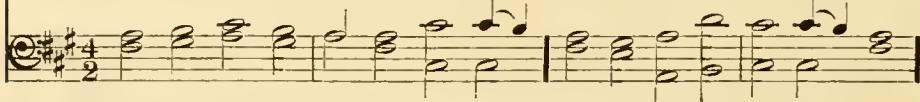
# Sweet the Moments, Rich in Blessing.

8. 7.

J. W. A. CLUETT.



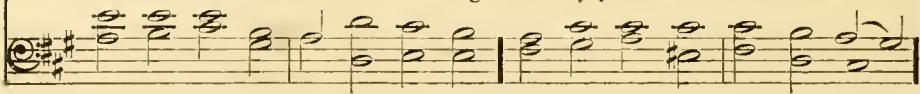
i. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which be-fore the cross I spend;



Life and health and peace pos-sess-ing Thro' the sin-ner's dy - ing friend.



Here I kneel in won-der, viewing Mer-cy poured in streams of blood;



Precious drops, for pardon suing, Make and plead my peace with God.A - MEN.



## Sweet the Moments, Rich in Blessing.

- 2 Truly blessed is the station,  
Low before His cross to lie,  
While I see divine compassion  
Pleading in His dying eye.  
Here I find my hope of heaven,  
While upon the Lamb I gaze;  
Loving much, and much forgiven,  
Let my heart o'erflow with praise.
- 3 Lord, in loving contemplation  
Fix my heart and eyes on Thee,  
Till I taste Thy full salvation,  
And Thine unveiled glories see.  
For Thy sorrows I adore Thee, [peace;  
For the griefs that wrought our  
Gracious Saviour, I implore Thee,  
In my heart Thy love increase.

## Jesu, Still Lead On.

5. 5. 8. 8. 5. 5. J. W. A. CLUETT.

1. Je-su, still lead on, Till our rest be won; And, although the way be cheerless,  
We will follow calm and fearless; Guide us by Thy hand, To our Fatherland. A-MEN.

- 2 If the way be drear,  
If the foe be near,  
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,  
Let not faith and hope forsake us ;  
For through many a woe  
To our home we go.
- 3 When we seek relief  
From a long-felt grief :  
When temptations come alluring,  
Make us patient and enduring ;  
Show us that bright shore  
Where we weep no more.

4 Jesu, still lead on,  
Till our rest be won :  
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,  
Still support, console, protect us,  
Till we safely stand  
In our Fatherland.

## Ecce Homo.

6. 8.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

A musical score for a solo voice and piano, featuring four staves of music in common time with a key signature of two sharps. The vocal part is in soprano range, and the piano part is in basso continuo range. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines.

I. Would Je - sus have the sin - ner die?  
Why hangs He then . . . on yon - der tree?  
What means that strange ex - pir - ing cry?  
Sin - ners, He prays for you and me. . .

## Ecce Homo.

For - give them, Fa - ther, O for - give!  
They know not that by Me they live. A - MEN.

- 2 Jesus, descended from above,  
Our loss of Eden to retrieve,  
Great God of universal love,  
If all the world through Thee may live,  
In us a quickening spirit be,  
And witness Thou hast died for me.
- 3 Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,—  
Thee by thy painful agony,  
Thy bloody sweat, Thy grief and shame,  
Thy cross and passion on the tree,  
Thy precious death and life—I pray,  
Take all, take all my sins away.
- 4 O let Thy love my heart constrain,—  
Thy love, for every sinner free,—  
That every fallen son of man  
May taste the grace that found out me ;  
That all mankind with me may prove  
Thy sov'reign, everlasting love.

# Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

7s.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

1. Je-sus,lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly, While the near-er  
waters roll, While the tempest still is high : Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of  
life be past; Safe in-to the havenguide, Oh, receive my soul at last! AMEN.

2 Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;  
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me:  
All my trust on Thee is stayed ;  
All my help from Thee I bring ;  
Cover my defenseless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
Grace to cleanse from every sin ;  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within :  
Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let me take of Thee :  
Spring Thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

# Malcolm.

8. 7.

J. W. A. CLUETT.



I. { Sav-iour, source of ev - 'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to grateful lays :  
Streams of mer - cy, nev - erceas-ing, Call forcease-less songs of praise.



Teach me some me-lo - dious meas-ure, Sung by raptured saints a - bove ; .



Fill my soul with sacred pleasure, While I sing re-deeming love. A-MEN.



3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God ;  
Thou, to save my soul from danger,  
Didst redeem me with Thy blood.  
By Thy hand restored, defended,  
Safe through life thus far I've come ;  
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,  
Bring me to my heavenly home.

# Emily.

8s.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

1. Sweet Sav - iour, bless . . us ere we go; . .

Thy word in - to our minds in - stil; And make our luke - warm

hearts to glow . . With low - ly love and fer - vent will.

Thro' life's long day and death's dark night, . .

**Emily.**

O gen - tle Je - su, be our light, Thro' life's long day . . and  
 death's dark night, . . O gen - tle Je - su, be our light. A-MEN.

- 2 The day is gone, its hours have run,  
 And Thou has taken count of all,  
 The scanty triumphs grace hath won,  
 The broken vow, the frequent fall.  
 Through life's long day and death's  
 dark night,  
 O gentle Jesu, be our light.
- 3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways  
 True absolution and release ;  
 And bless us, more than in past days,  
 With purity and inward peace.  
 Through life's long day and death's  
 dark night,  
 O gentle Jesu, be our light.
- 4 For all we love, the poor, the sad,  
 The sinful, unto Thee we call ;  
 Oh, let Thy mercy make us glad ;  
 Thou art our Saviour, and our all.  
 Through life's long day and death's  
 dark night,  
 O gentle Jesu, be our light.
- 5 Sweet Saviour, bless us; night is come ;  
 Through night and darkness near  
 us be ;  
 Good angels watch about our home,  
 And we are one day nearer Thee.  
 Through life's long day and death's  
 dark night,  
 O gentle Jesu, be our light.

# Saviour, Who Thy Flock art Feeding.

8. 7.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in G major, 2/4 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef, the second with an alto clef, and the third with a bass clef. The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, with rests and dynamic markings like forte and piano. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the staves. The first section of lyrics is:

I. { Sav-iour, who Thy flock art feeding, With the shepherd's kind-est care, }  
All the fee-ble gen-tly leading, While the lambs Thy bosom share;

Now these lit - tle ones re - ceiving, Fold them in Thy gra - cious arm ;

There we know, Thy wordbe-lieving, On - ly there se - cure from harm. A-MEN.

- 2 Never from Thy pasture roving  
Let them be the lion's prey ;  
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,  
Keep them all life's dangerous way.  
Then, within Thy fold eternal,  
Let them find a resting-place ;  
Feed in pastures ever vernal,  
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

## On the Resurrection Morning.

8. 7. 8. 3.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

1. On the res - ur - rec - tion morning, Soul and bo - dy meet a - gain;  
 No more sor - row, no more weep-ing, No more pain. A-MEN.

- 2 Here awhile they must be parted,  
And the flesh its sabbath keep,  
Waiting in a holy stillness,  
Wrapt in sleep.

3 For a space the tired body  
Lies with feet toward the dawn ;  
Till there breaks the last and brightest  
Easter morn.

4 But the soul in contemplation  
Utters earnest prayer and strong ;  
Breaking at the resurrection  
Into song.

5 Soul and body reunited,  
Thenceforth nothing shall divide,

Waking up in Christ's own likeness,  
Satisfied.

6 Oh, the beauty, oh, the gladness  
Of that resurrection-day !  
Which shall not, through endless ages,  
Pass away !

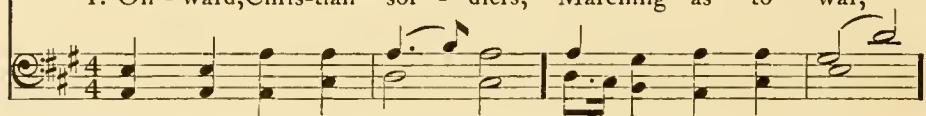
7 On that happy Easter morning  
All the graves their dead restore,  
Father, sister, child and mother,  
Meet once more.

8 To that brightest of all meetings  
Bring us, Jesus Christ, at last ;  
To Thy cross, through death and  
judgment,  
Holding fast.

## Cornelius.

6. 5.

J. W. A. CLUETT.



Cornelius.

On-ward, Chris-tian sol - diers, Marching as to war, . . .

With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore! A - MEN.

2 At the sign of triumph  
 Satan's host doth flee;  
 On, then, Christian soldiers,  
 On to victory!  
 Hell's foundations quiver  
 At the shout of praise;  
 Brothers, lift your voices,  
 Loud your anthems raise!  
 Onward, etc.

3 Like a mighty army  
 Moves the Church of God;  
 Brothers, we are treading  
 Where the saints have trod;  
 We are not divided,  
 All one Body we,  
 One in hope and doctrine,  
 One in charity.  
 Onward, etc.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,  
 Kingdoms rise and wane,  
 But the Church of Jesus  
 Constant will remain;  
 Gates of hell can never  
 'Gainst that Church prevail;  
 We have Christ's own promise,  
 And that cannot fail.  
 Onward, etc.

5 Onward, then, ye people!  
 Join our happy throng!  
 Blend with ours your voices  
 In the triumph song!  
 Glory, laud, and honor,  
 Unto Christ the King;  
 This through countless ages  
 Men and angels sing.  
 Onward, etc.

## Brownson.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

1. Christ, the Lord, is ris'n a - gain, Christ hath bro - ken  
ev - 'ry chain; Hark! an - gel - ic voi - ces cry,  
Sing-ing ev - er - more on high, Al - le - lu - ia! A-MEN.

2 He who gave for us His life,  
Who for us endured the strife,  
Is our Paschal Lamb today,  
We, too, sing for joy and say,  
Alleluia!

3 He who bore all pain and loss,  
Comfortless upon the cross,  
Lives in glory now on high,  
Pleads for us, and hears our cry,  
Alleluia!

4 He who slumbered in the grave  
Is exalted now to save;  
Now through Christendom it rings  
That the Lamb is King of kings.  
Alleluia!

5 Thou our Paschal Lamb indeed,  
Christ, Thy ransomed people feed;  
Take our sins and guilt away,  
Let us sing by night and day,  
Alleluia!

## **Awake, Ye Saints, Awake.**

6s.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in G major, 4/4 time. The top staff begins with a treble clef, the middle staff with an alto clef, and the bottom staff with a bass clef. The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the staves.

1. A - wake, ye saints, a - wake, And hail this sa - cred day ;  
In loft - iest songs of praise Your joy - ful hom - age pay ;  
Welcome the day that God hath blest, The type of heav'n's e-ter-nal rest. AMEN.

- 2 On this auspicious morn  
The Lord of life arose !  
He burst the bars of death,  
And vanquished all our foes :  
And now He pleads our cause above, 4  
And reaps the fruits of all His love.
- 3 All hail, triumphant Lord !  
Heav'n with hosannas rings,

And earth, in humbler strains,  
Thy praise responsive sings :  
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,  
Thro' endless years to live and reign.  
Great King, gird on Thy sword,  
Ascend Thy conquering car ;  
While justice, truth, and love  
Maintain Thy glorious war :  
This day let sinners own Thy sway,  
And rebels cast their arms away.

# Lo! the Voice of Jesus.

6. 5.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

A musical score for a three-part setting. The top part is in G major, the middle part in C major, and the bottom part in F major. The music consists of four staves of music with corresponding lyrics. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The second staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The third staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The fourth staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature.

1. Lo! the voice of Je - sus Fond-ly speaks to all: He it is who,  
frees us From sin's bit - ter thrall; He it is whose na - ture,  
Human as our own, Pleads for ev-'ry creature, By the Father's throne. A-MEN.

2 Lo! the voice of Jesus,  
Heard within the breast,  
Tells us He will ease us,  
Howsoe'er distrest :  
Tells us that our sorrow  
For the night may last,  
But a glad to-morrow  
Breaks upon us fast.

3 Lo! the voice of Jesus  
Bids us still endure :  
Seek not what will please us,  
But things just and pure ;  
Strive through self-denial  
Upwards to the light,  
Where faith's 'years of trial  
Shall be lost in sight.

# Through the Day Thy Love Has Spared Us.

8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

J. W. A. CLUETT.



1. Thro' the day Thy love has spared us; Hear us ere the hour of rest;



Thro' the si-lent watch-es guard us, Let no foe our peace mo-lest.



Je-sus, Thou our guardian be; Sweet it is to trust in Thee. A-MEN.



2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,  
Dwelling in the midst of foes;  
Us and ours preserve from dangers;  
In Thine arms may we repose;  
And, when life's short day is past,  
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

## Frederick.

8. 7.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

1. Thro' the night of doubt and sor - row Onward goes the pil-grim band,  
Sing-ing songs of ex - pec - ta - tion, Marching to the promised land.  
Clear be-fore us thro' the darkness Gleams and burns the guiding light :  
Brother clasps the hand of brother, Stepping fear - less thro' the night. A - MEN.

## Frederick.

- 2 One, the light of God's own presence,  
O'er His ransomed people shed,  
Chasing far the gloom and terror,  
Brightening all the path we tread :  
One, the object of our journey,  
One, the faith which never tires,  
One, the earnest looking forward,  
One, the hope our God inspires.
- 3 One, the strain the lips of thousands  
Lift as from the heart of one ;  
One the conflict, one the peril,  
One, the march in God begun :
- One, the gladness of rejoicing  
On the far eternal shore,  
Where the One Almighty Father  
Reigns in love for evermore.
- 4 Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers !  
Onward, with the Cross our aid !  
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,  
Till we rest beneath its shade !  
Soon shall come the great awaking,  
Soon the rending of the tomb ;  
Then, the scattering of all shadows,  
And the end of toil and gloom !

## Dedication.

C. M.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

I. There is a green hill far a-way, With-out a cit - y wall,  
Where the dear Lord was cru - ci-fied Who died to save us all. A-MEN.

- 2 We may not know, we cannot tell,  
What pains He had to bear,  
But we believe it was for us  
He hung and suffered there.
- 3 He died that we might be forgiven,  
He died to make us good,  
That we might go at last to heaven,  
Saved by His precious blood.
- 4 There was no other good enough  
To pay the price of sin,  
He only could unlock the gate  
Of heaven, and let us in.
- 5 Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved !  
And we must love Him too,  
And trust in His redeeming blood,  
And try His works to do.

# Pleasant are Thy Courts Above.

8. 7.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

I. Pleas-ant are Thy courts a - bove In the land of life and love;  
Pleasant are Thy courts be - low In this land of sin and woe.  
Oh, my spir - it longs and faints For the con-verse of Thy saints,  
For the brightness of Thy face, For Thy full - ness, God of grace ! A-MEN.

rit.

## Pleasant are Thy Courts Above.

- 2 Happy birds that sing and fly  
Round Thy altars, O Most High :  
Happier souls that find a rest  
In a heavenly Father's breast !  
Like the wandering dove, that found  
No repose on earth around,  
They can to their ark repair  
And enjoy it ever there.
- 3 Happy souls ! their praises flow  
Ever in this vale of woe ;  
Waters in the desert rise,  
Manna feeds them from the skies :
- On they go from strength to strength  
Till they reach Thy throne at length,  
At Thy feet adoring fall,  
Who hast led them safe through all.
- 4 Lord, be mine this prize to win ;  
Guide me through a world of sin ;  
Keep me by Thy saving grace ;  
Give me at Thy side a place.  
Sun and shield alike Thou art ;  
Guide and guard my erring heart.  
Grace and glory flow from Thee ;  
Shower, oh, shower them, Lord, on me !

## Oft in Danger, Oft in Woe.

7s.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

1. Oft in dan - ger, oft in woe, On-ward, Christians, onward go :  
Fight the fight, maintain the strife, Strengthened with the Bread of Life. AMEN.

- 2 Let your drooping hearts be glad :  
March in heavenly armor clad :  
Fight, nor think the battle long,  
Soon shall victory tune your song.
- 3 Let not sorrow dim your eye,  
Soon shall every tear be dry;
- Let not fears your course impede,  
Great your strength, if great your need.
- 4 Onward then to battle move,  
More than conquerors ye shall prove ;  
Though opposed by many a foe,  
Christian soldiers, onward go.

## Love Divine.

8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time, 2/2, and 3/2. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first staff begins with a treble clef, the second with a bass clef, and the third with a bass clef. The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, with rests and dynamic markings like forte and piano.

1. O Love divine, how sweet Thou art! When shall I find my willing heart  
 All taken up by Thee? I thirst, I faint, I die to prove The greatness of re-  
 deeming love, The love of Christ to me, The love of Christ to me. AMEN.

2 God only knows the love of God ;  
 O that it now were shed abroad  
 In this poor stony heart ;  
 For love I sigh, for love I pine,  
 This only portion, Lord, be mine :  
 Be mine, this better part.

3 O that I could forever sit  
 With Mary at the Master's feet !  
 Be this my happy choice ; —

My only care, delight and bliss  
 My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,  
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

4 O that I could with favour'd John  
 Recline my weary head upon  
 The dear Redeemer's breast ;  
 From care, and sin, and sorrows free,  
 Give me, O Lord, to find in Thee  
 My everlasting rest.

## When the Day of Toil is Done.

7. 7. 7. 5.

J. W. A. CLUETT.



1. When the day of toil is done, When the race of life is run,



Fa-ther, grant Thy wea-ried one, Rest for ev - er - more ! A-MEN.



2 When the strife of sin is stilled,  
When the foe within is killed,  
Be Thy gracious word fulfilled,  
Peace for evermore !

4 When the heart, by sorrow tried,  
Feels at length its throbs subside,  
Bring us, where all tears are dried,  
Joy for evermore !

3 When the darkness melts away  
At the breaking of Thy Day,  
Bid us hail the cheering ray :—  
Light for evermore !

5 When for vanished days we yearn,  
Days that never can return,  
Teach us in Thy love to learn  
Love for evermore !

6 When the breath of life is flown,  
When the grave must claim its own,  
Lord of Life ! be ours Thy crown —  
Life for evermore !

# Angels, from Your Realms of Glory.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Hughes.

J. W. A. CLUETT.



I. An-gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth,



Ye who sang cre - a-tion's sto - ry, Now pro-claim Mes - si - ah's birth :



Come and wor-ship,Come and wor-ship, Worship Christ, the new-born King.



Come and worship,Come and worship,Worship Christ, the new-born King. A-MEN.



## Angels, from Your Realms of Glory.

- 2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,  
Watching o'er your flocks by night,  
God with man is now residing,  
Yonder shines the infant-light:  
Come and worship,—  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 3 Sages, leave your contemplations,—  
Brighter visions beam afar;  
Seek the great Desire of nations;
- Ye have seen His natal star:  
Come and worship,—  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 4 Saints, before the altar bending,  
Watching long in hope and fear,  
Suddenly the Lord, descending,  
In His temple shall appear:  
Come and worship,—  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

## While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

1. While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat-ed on the ground,  
The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo-ry shone a - round. A-MEN.

- 2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread  
Had seized their troubled mind,  
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you and all mankind.
- 3 "To you in David's town this day,  
Is born of David's line,  
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,  
And this shall be the sign:
- 4 "The Heavn'ly Babe you there shall  
find  
To human view displayed,
- All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,  
And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the Seraph, and forthwith  
Appeared a shining throng  
Of angels praising God, who thus  
Addressed their joyful song :
- 6 "All glory be to God on high,  
And to the earth be peace;  
Good-will henceforth, from heaven  
to men,  
Begin and never cease."

# Brightest and Best of the Sons of the Morning.

P. M.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff is in G major, common time, with a treble clef. The middle staff is in C major, common time, with a bass clef. The bottom staff is in C major, common time, with a bass clef. The music features various chords and note patterns typical of early 20th-century church hymns.

1, 5. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and

lend us thine aid; Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a -dorn - ing,

Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er . . . is laid. A - MEN.

2 Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining,

Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall ;

Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,

Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

3 Shall we not yield Him, in costly devotion,

Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,

Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,

Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine ?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure ;

Richer by far is the heart's adoration,  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

## As with Gladness Men of Old.

7s.

J. W. A. CLUETT.



1. As with glad-ness men of old Did the guid - ing-star be - hold,



As with joy they hailed its light, Lead - ing on-ward,beam- ing bright,



So, most gracious Lord, may we Ev - er-more be led to Thee. A-MEN.



2 As with joyful steps they sped  
To that lowly manger-bed,  
There to bend the knee before  
Him, Whom heaven and earth adore,  
So may we, with willing feet,  
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare,  
At that manger rude and bare,  
So may we, with holy joy,  
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,  
All our costliest treasures bring,  
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day  
Keep us in the narrow way,  
And, when earthly things are past,  
Bring our ransomed souls at last,  
Where they need no star to guide,  
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright  
Need they no created light ;  
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown ;  
Thou its Sun, which goes not down ;  
There forever may we sing  
Alleluias to our King.

## Christmas Anthem.

J. W. A. CLUETT.



1. Hark to the mu - sic ! so joy - ous - ly swell-ing,  
2. Bright - est of days, O the star of thy morn-ing, The  
3. Je - sus, our joy is yet min - gled with weep-ing, The

A continuation of the musical score. The vocal parts sing eighth-note chords. The piano accompaniment consists of eighth-note chords in the bass clef staff.

O'er the lone shep - herds of Beth - le - hem's plain;  
church has been wait - ing for a - ges to greet;  
hymn of the an - gels is not yet ful - fill'd.

A continuation of the musical score. The vocal parts sing eighth-note chords. The piano accompaniment consists of eighth-note chords in the bass clef staff.

### Christmas Anthem.



Grand - ly it speak - eth, the strange sto - ry tell - ing, Death's  
Now while thy splen - dor her sky is a - dorn - ing, She  
Earth is still Ba - bel, her chil - dren are reap - ing Sad

The vocal part continues with sustained notes and chords. The piano part provides harmonic support with sustained chords. The dynamic 'p ritard.' is indicated above the vocal line.

em - pire is end - ed, Mes - si - ah doth reign.  
rise - es in beau - ty her bride - groom to meet.  
har - vests of car - nage, not peace or good - will.

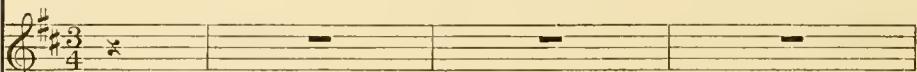
The vocal part continues with sustained notes and chords. The piano part provides harmonic support with sustained chords. The time signature changes to 3/4.

### Christmas Anthem.

*Slowly.*



But we crown Thy blest birth - day with glad - ness and



dore Him, And stars bend their or - bits to shine at His  
glo - ry, Be free from thy bond - age, give wings to thy  
sing - ing, For faith sees Thee com - ing thro' tem - pest and



### Christmas Anthem.



birth ; He has come, the long - wait - ed ; now sa - ges a -  
fear ; Church ! lay off thy sack - cloth and gird on thy  
storm ; But we crown Thy blest birth - day with glad - ness and

A continuation of the musical score. The vocal parts are silent, indicated by 'x' marks. The basso continuo part continues with a steady eighth-note pattern.



dore Him, And stars bend their or - bits to shine at His birth.  
glo - ry, Be free from thy bond-age,give wings to thy fear.  
sing - ing, For faith sees Thee com-ing thro' tem - pest and storm.

A continuation of the musical score. The vocal parts are silent, indicated by 'x' marks. The basso continuo part continues with a steady eighth-note pattern. Dynamics 'f' (fortissimo) and 'ff' (fortississimo) are indicated.

### Christmas Anthem.

Shout the glad ti-dings of joy to all peo-ple, Hal - le - lu - jah, a - men,

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). Both staves are in common time (indicated by '8'). The music features eighth-note patterns and chords. The first section ends with a dynamic 'ff' (fortissimo) and a fermata over the final note.

Je - sus is born; Hal - le - lu - jah, a - men, Je - sus is born.

The continuation of the musical score starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#) on the top staff. The bottom staff continues from the previous bass clef and key signature. The music consists of eighth-note patterns and chords. A 'rit.' (ritardando) instruction is placed above the notes. The piece concludes with a dynamic 'fff' (ffff) and a fermata over the final note.

# Bread of the World, in Mercy Broken.

P. M.

J. W. A. CLUETT.



1. Bread of the world, in . . . mer - cy bro - ken, Wine of the



soul, in mer - cy shed, . . . By Whom the words of . . . life were



spo - ken, And in Whose death our . . . sins are dead; A-MEN.



2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,

Look on the tears by sinners shed;

And be Thy feast to us the token

That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

## Come, Ye Disconsolate.

II. IO.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

The musical score consists of four staves of music in G major, 2/4 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef, the second with an alto clef, the third with a bass clef, and the fourth with a bass clef. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below each staff. The first staff contains the first line of the lyrics: "1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish;". The second staff contains the second line: "Come to the mer - cy - seat, fer - vent - ly kneel;". The third staff contains the third line: "Here bring your wound - ed hearts, here tell your an - guish;". The fourth staff contains the fourth line: "Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not heal."

## Come, Ye Disconsolate.



Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;



Earth has no sorrow that heaven can-not heal... A-MEN.



2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,  
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,  
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,  
“Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.”

3 Here see the Bread of life; see waters flowing  
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;  
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing  
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

# Come, Ye that Love the Lord.

S. M.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

The musical score consists of two staves of music in common time, key signature of one sharp (F# major). The top staff uses a soprano C-clef, and the bottom staff uses an alto F-clef. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, with some words appearing below the staff or above the notes. The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The lyrics are:

i. Come, ye that love the Lord,  
Come, ye that love,  
let your joys be known,  
your joys be known,  
sweet ac-cord, While ye sur-round His throne. Let those re-fuse to  
sing Who nev - er knew our God,

## Come, Ye that Love the Lord.

2 The God that rules on high,  
That all the earth surveys,  
That rides upon the stormy sky,  
And calms the roaring seas;  
This awful God is ours,  
Our Father and our Love;  
He will send down His heavenly powers,  
To carry us above.

3 The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below:  
Celestial fruit on earthly ground  
From faith and hope may grow;  
Let then our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry:  
We're marching through Immanuel's ground  
To fairer worlds on high.

# Christmas Carol.

D. C. M.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

SOPRANO.

1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo-ri-ous song of

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is for the Soprano voice, starting with a common time signature and a key signature of one sharp. The middle staff is for the Alto, and the bottom staff is for the Bass. The music includes various note values such as eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The lyrics "It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo-ri-ous song of" are written below the vocal line.

old, From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To

The musical score continues with three staves. The top staff is for the Soprano, the middle for Alto, and the bottom for Bass. The key signature changes to one flat. The lyrics "old, From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To" are written below the vocal line.

*a little slower.*  
touch their harps of gold; Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From

The musical score concludes with three staves. The top staff is for the Soprano, the middle for Alto, and the bottom for Bass. The key signature changes back to one sharp. The lyrics "touch their harps of gold; Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From" are written below the vocal line. The instruction "*a little slower.*" is placed above the vocal line.

**Christmas Carol.**

heav'n's all - gra - cious King;                      The world in sol - emn  
 still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing. A - MEN.

2 Stillthrough the cloven skies they come,  
   With peaceful wings unfurled ;  
   And still their heavenly music floats  
     O'er all the weary world :  
   Above its sad and lonely plains  
     They bend on hovering wing,  
   And ever o'er its Babel sounds  
     The blessed angels sing.

3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,  
   Whose forms are bending low,  
   Who toil along the climbing way  
     With painful steps and slow !  
   Look now, for glad and golden hours  
     Come swiftly on the wing:  
   Oh, rest beside the weary road,  
     And hear the angels sing.

4 For lo, the days are hastening on,  
   By prophets seen of old,  
   When with the ever-circling years,  
     Shall come the time foretold,  
   When the new heaven and earth shall own  
     The Prince of Peace their King,  
   And the whole world send back the song  
     Which now the angels sing.



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